THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 85.

Un esprit, juste, gracieux
Solide dans le serieux
Et charmant dans les bagatelles.
VOLTAIRE.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

FOR a delicate mind censure must always be an irksome and an invidious task, but for one who professes a most profound devotion to the ladies, to censure them involves exclusive difficulties, becomes doubly irksome, and doubly invidious. Peculiar hardihood of enterprise and vigour of exertion are requisite to brave the resentment of those who are armed with muniments of warfare far more formidable than the spear or the faulchion, who 'disarm with a smile, and kill with a look,' to whom we habitually pay uncircumscribed deference, and yield implicit submission. The barbarians of old, in their conflicts with the Romans, palliated the ignominy of discomfiture, by proclaiming that no human power could withstand the fire of their adversary's eye, and the terrors of their brow; the recreant knight of the present day, temerarious enough to throw down the gauntlet to the sex, must expect to combat a frown still more terrible, and meet the lightning of an eye no less potent in its execution when chastising presumption, than irresistible when moistened with the tear of pity, or beaming with the congenial softness of love. In other topics of animadversion the censor is exonerated from the burden of private animosity, by the latent vanity of the reader, who is always prone to suppose himself excepted from his range; but with the female world there is, perhaps, a consciousness of infallibility, which tolerates not any charge of imperfection, however general, and a fervourous zeal in the common cause, which impels the individual to feel with as much sensibility, and repel with as much warmth, a collective aspersion as a particular attack. I know, indeed, that although I have chosen to trace this eccentricity to such respectable sources, others have assigned a more uncharitable cause, and illiberally imagine that no possible charge could be advanced which does not more or less apply to every individual. Without waiting to investigate their comparative accuracy, I shall proceed to remark, that, if I have been silent for some time past, it must be attributed to the force of these impressions, and that if I again venture to take the field, due honour should be conceded to the courage of heart, and purity of zeal, which encounter perils of such magnitude, without any prospective advantage.

Your fair correspondents, with some small indications of triumph have repeatedly urged, that although we are prolific of the blemishes we pretend to discover, and can vociferously emblazon their expatiatory eloquence on trifles, and invincible taciturnity on subjects of a rational texture, we are unable to prescribe a remedy, and are mute on the line of conduct they are to pursue. I have always considered our province to be circumscribed within the simple denunciation of the error, while it remained the exclusive and indefeasible privilege of the Lounger to rectify the deviation, and designate the straight path. But he himself, at such a call, must be too gallant not to remit, with indulgent leniency, so important an infraction of his prerogative, as an humble surmise of what, if those extremes actually obtained, may be their remote cause, I mean the present defective system of female education. If the pupil form a moderate acquaintance with the French language, dance with ease or grace, and acquire some practical knowledge of music, accomplishments of a more solid or exalted nature are deemed nugatory and superfluous: she comes forth into the community with no fund for conversation but on matters that are comprised within the narrow compass of her scholastic instruction; with no taste but for the decoration of her person, or the tumultuary routine of dissipation; with no other store of ideas than those which enable to estimate pointlace, or judge of the trimmings of a cap: unaccustomed in her youth to serious application, she must be forever precluded from those intellectual enjoyments, which constitute satisfactory substitutes for the pleasures of the ball or the card-table, when the indifference of age makes them lose their zest which temper the corrosion of care, assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune, relieve the languor of satiety, and prolong the empire of a woman by the powers of her mind, when her personal attractions have vanished. 'All that you say,' exclaims the Countess La Fayette, in an elegant epistle to Mad. De Sevigné, 'bears such a charm that your words attract the smiles and graces to your person, and although it seems that wit should only affect the ears, it is nevertheless certain that your's dazzle the eyes, and that one who hears the lively sallies, that flow with such exuberance and ease, sees no longer that something is wanting to the regularity of your features or to the perfection of your beauty.' I would not wish to insinuate that the delineation I have given above is universally true; in the circle with which I have the honour to associate I know of many exceptions; from the list of your correspondents you may adduce the name of Beatrice, with a portraiture materially diverse, and, as a proof of the fallacy of a common opinion, that a polished and erudite mind is incompatible with the discharge of the duties incident to a wife or a mother. The example of the females who have obtained celebrity in the annals of literature, that of M. de Sevigné particularly cooperates to the same effect; distinguished for uncommon tenderness and indefatigable assiduity towards her husband and her children, she could, however, in the morning, philosophise with Tacitus, indulge herself with the Italian of Ariosto, and the Spanish of Lope de Vega, in the evening infuse life and animation into those brilliant societies of which she was the ornament and the delight. As this is a subject which I touch with 'fear and trembling,' and as I am fond of corroborating my remarks by the sanction of legitimate authority, I shall beg to close them by the following letter, from the French of Voltaire, addressed to the Marchioness of Chatelleux, and containing a dedication of his celebrated tragedy of Alzire.

'To you, Madam, how inconsiderable a tribute must be one of those ephemeral works of poetry, which owe their principal merit to the evanescent illusion of the theatre, and the transitory plaudit of the public, and which are doomed to encounter the common fate of neglect and oblivion. What, indeed, is a versified romance in the estimation of a woman, who reads a geometrical system with no less facility than others peruse a romance; one who has found in Locke, that sage preceptor of the human race, only the series of her own ideas, and the history of her own thoughts; one, in fine, who, although born for whatever captivates the sense, or charms the imagination, prefers the investigation of truth to the display of those powers of which nature has been so profusely lavish.

But, madam, the greatest and the most estimable genius is, unquestionably, that, which comprehends, within the limits of its research, all the fine arts. They constitute the delight and the aliment of the soul; is there any, then, that should be excluded? Happy is the mind which the severity of philosophical disquisition cannot stiffen, or the blandishments of the belle-lettres emasculate: happy the person, whose understanding is invigorated by Locke, and enlightened with Clarke and Newton; who can enjoy the sublime effusions of Cicero and Bossuet, indulge and enrich his fancy with the charms of Virgil and Tasso.

Such a genius do you possess: the avowal must be made, however harsh it may sound to a delicate ear. Your example should encourage those of your sex and station to believe that the perfection of our reason superadds new splendor to elevation of rank, and the cultivation of the intellect, new graces to the person. There was a time in France, and, indeed, in all Europe, when both were deemed, by the men, derogatory to their dignity, by the women incompatible with their character. The latter consecrated their moments to the arts of coquetry and intrigue; the former, to poise the lance and wield the battle axe, to shine in the tournament, and obtain renown in the field by their dexterity in managing the weapons of mutual extermination.

The obloquy which Moliere and Despreaux attempted to cast on learned women, appeared, in an age of superior civilization and refinement, almost to sanction the prejudices of barbarism. But Moliere, whom we venerate as the legislator of moral propriety, never could have intended,

in his attack on them, to stigmatise science or wit. The shafts of his satire are levelled against the ostentatious pedantry of erudition, against the affectation and abuse of science. In his inimitable Tartuffe, he reprobates hypocritical dissimulation, not solid piety or genuine virtue. So considerable, however, has been the progress of a liberal and philosophical spirit in France, within the lapse of the last forty years, that if Boileau still lived, he, who ridiculed a woman of rank because she dared to receive private instructions from the astronomers Roberval and Sauveur, would be now necessitated to respect and imitate those who publicly participate in the profound lectures of Maupertuis and Reamur. We are in an age, I can venture to assert, when a poet must be a philosopher, and when a woman may openly and confidently avow herself such.

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that a female, who totally abandons her domestic avocations for scientific pursuits, is reprehensible, whatever may be the brilliancy of her genius, or the extent of her attainments. But the same disposition which animates us in the investigation of truth, is that which prompts to the performance of duty. The wife of George the second of England, who mediated between two of the most celebrated metaphysicians of Europe, Clarke and Leibnitz, never for a moment neglected to discharge the functions which devolved to her as a queen, a wife, and a mother. Christiana, who magnanimously renounced a throne for the study of the fine arts, emulated, nevertheless, the most distinguished monarchs for the splendor and felicity of her reign. Has not the grand daughter of the great Conde, in whom his spirit seems almost resuscitated, given additional importance to the noble blood which flows in her veins?

You, madam, whose name is worthy of being united to that of any prince, reflect the same lustre on letters. In the age of allurement and pleasure, in the vivacious season of youth, they form your delight and your occupation: you leave no species of them untouched, you pursue them through all their ramifications. You do still more: you conceal from the world qualifications so rare and so admirable, with no less assiduity, than you have employed diligence in their acquisition. Continue, then, to cherish, to dare to cultivate the sciences: although there may have been an involuntary effusion of that light, which you would have permitted to irradiate only your own breast. Ought those, who occultly bestow the charitable dole, renounce the practices of beneficence, because their virtue becomes public? And why should superior merit cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of a woman? Is not an enlightened mind a new beauty, does it not create a new empire? The protection of sovereigns is solicited for the arts; to me that of beauty is incalculably more desirable. Taste exclusively, and not fashion, must be the predominant motive in such of your sex as inform and embellish their understandings: for a reflecting mind this must be a cogent reason, more to admire and appreciate their exertions.

As for our part, it is the inflation of vanity, or the mercenary impulse of gain, which most frequently stimulate us in the prosecution of our literary labours. We commit a species of profanation in making them the instruments of our fortune. I regret that Horace has ever said of himself—

> Poverty is the father of my lay.
> Paupertas impulit audax,
> Ut versus facerem.

The malevolence of envy, the artifice of intrigue, the virulence of satire, and the poison of defamation, among men degrade a profession, which, in its nature, approximates to something divine. May this offering, which I now make, madam, be more durable than my other productions; it would be immortal were it worthy of her to whom it is inscribed.'

FLORIAN.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

What indeed would an orator be, if he were not a logician; if he were not accustomed to seize with precision, the connection or the opposition of ideas; to mark with accuracy, the point of a question in debate, to discriminate the errors, more or less specious, which obscure it, to define well, the terms, to apply properly the principle to the question, and the consequences to the principle; to break in pieces the toils of sophistry in which Ignorance entrenches, or Hypocrisy envelops itself. No doubt he ought to leave to philosophy, that methodical argumentation and those dry dialectics, which only produce conviction. The orator pretends to more: he would persuade: for if resistance to the truth is often merely an error, it is still more frequently a passion; and this is the enemy the most obstinate, and most difficult to vanquish. It is necessary then, that the orator, not only shewn the truth, but determine us to follow it: not only that he demonstrate what is honest, but impel us to do it. To this end, the logic of an orator ought to unite emotions with reasonings. But emotions will not be powerful, but in proportion as the reasonings are just: and then nothing can resist this double force, calculated to carry all before it. This was the power of Demosthenes, the most terrible gladiator that ever brandished the arms of eloquence. He employs reasoning, as if it were the club of Hercules, with which he strikes without ceasing, and every blow of which inflicts a wound. I have often recollected, in reading him, that place in the Eneid, where Entellus, full of the strength of the gods, pours down upon the miserable Dares, a storm of blows, and drives him from one end of the arena to the other, the blood streaming from his nose, his mouth, and his ears.

> Præcipitemque Daren, ardens agit æquore toto.
> Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

It is precisely the image of Demosthenes, when he has an adversary before him. Woe be to him, who finds himself in the hands of this rude justler. It is from him that I shall proceed to take examples of the materials and forms of oratory: I shall afterwards draw from Cicero, and you will judge of the different manners of these two great men.

In the celebrated prosecution for the crown, in which Demosthenes had all the reason on his side, Eschines had laid hold of the tenor of the decree of coronation, and on the text of the laws, a matter which always affords plentiful resources for the chicanery of words; and the accuser, a man of great talents, had availed himself of it with all possible address. A law forbad the coronation of any man who stood accountable to the public. He contends, that Demosthenes has not accounted, from whence he concludes, that the decree is illegal and void. He grounds himself upon this, that Demosthenes is still charged with the administration of the public spectacles, and had been with that of the reparation of the walls of Athens. The first accountability had no relation to the decree, which crowned Demosthenes only for his conduct which concernes the reparation of the walls. It is true, that for this last he had not rendered any account: but he had a very good reason for this: because he had done it at his own expense; and it was precisely to reward him for this acknowledged civil liberty, that the senate, so far from demanding his account, had decreed him a crown of gold. But Eschines had intrenched himself in the literal text of the law, and moreover had affected to mix and confound, two accountabilities, very distinct, that of the spectables and that of the walls: this was an affair of pure reasoning. You will see how Demosthenes knew, by what mode to render it oratorical, how he elevates it by the nobleness of thoughts and sentiments, at the same time that he holds up in the clearest light the evidence of principles and facts, by a luminous logic.

"If I pass in silence, the greater part of what I have done for the interest of the republic, in the various functions she has confided to me; it is because my conscience assures me of the testimony of yours, and that I may come the sooner to the laws, which they pretend have been violated by the decree of Ctesiphon. Eschines has so embarrassed and obscured every thing he has said on this subject, that, in truth, I believe you have not comprehended him better, than he understood himself. To all his long declamations I shall answer by a declaration clear and precise. He has a hundred times repeated, that I am accountable. Very well! I am so far from denying it, that during my whole life, I hold myself accountable to you, my fellow citizens, for all I shall have done in the administration of public affairs."

Before we proceed, let us pause a moment, for it is worth while to remark, what is genuine eloquence, that, which comes from the soul. *Pectus est quod disertum facit* It is the heart that makes eloquent. This frank and simple expression of a great and beautiful sentiment of a citizen, has it not already defeated all the ingenious subtleties of Eschines? At the same time, how oratorical it is, and founded on the knowledge of men! How well Demosthenes knew his hearers and his judges! How sure he is to obtain every thing, by throwing himself into their hands, and even into those of his adversary, and by offering them much more than they could demand of him. Let it not be said, that such a declaration is very easy; that any man could make it. Aye! but the question is concerning the effect it would produce, and we must not deceive ourselves. This effect is not obtained by talents only: but it belongs to the person and his character; to express himself thus, a man must be pure. A man, whose probity is equivocal, would be rediculous in holding this language. The audience would smile with pity: and a known villain would be hissed. Thus the ancients defined an orator to be a good man, skillful in the art of speaking. *Vir bonus dicendi peritus.* This declaration then, would be no longer oratorical, if it were not true. We shall have occasion hereafter to express these awkward apish tricks, this impudent empiricism of perverse men, who have so often been seen borrowing and disfiguring such expressions of the inward testimony which virtue may render to itself, and which in their mouths are but one outrage the more, which they commit against it. It passes unpunished, I confess, when it addresses itself to accomplices or to slaves; but when the public voice is free, it does justice on the spot to such insolent hypocricy. I will relate but one example, and that anterior to the revolution. A man, who had not merited death, which however he has since suffered, but whose servile and venal immorality was well known, Linguet was imprudent enough one day to apply to himself, in

a full audience, that verse of Hippolite, in the tragedy of Phædre, "The light is not purer than the bottom of my heart." Scarcely could the most honest of men, without being taxed with ostentation, have given himself in public such an eulogium, which is permitted only to virtue calumniated. Linguet was saluted with a universal hooting; he turned round towards the assembly with a menacing look, as we saw him afterwards double his fist at the constituent assembly. But these gestures and grimaces, though very common at this day, are no more proper to an orator than to an honest man, because decency is inseparable from honesty, and they served only to redouble the hootings. This was just, and it must be acknowledged, that no quotation was ever more unfortunately made. I return to Demosthenes, and it is returning from afar. He continues thus:—

"But I maintain, at the same time, that there is no magistrature that can render me accountable, for what I have given. Do you hear me, Eschines?—for what I have given.—And I ask you, Athenians: When a citizen has employed his fortune for the interest of the state, where is the law so iniquitous, and so cruel, as to deprive him of the merit which he may have acquired with you, to oblige him to submit his liberalities, to the rigorous forms of examination, and compel him to appear before revisors, charged with the calculation of his benefactions? No such law exists. If there is one, shew it me.—But, no, there is none. It is impossible there should be one.—Eschines has thought to impose upon you, by a very strange sophism. Because I am accountable, for the monies which I have received, for the maintenance of the spectacles, he will have it, that I am also acconntable for my own monies, which I have given for the reparation of our walls. The senate, he cries out, has crowned him, and he is still accountable! No, the senate has not crowned me for any thing which requires accounts, but for that which is incompatible with all accounts, that is to say, for my own property, of which I have made a present to the republic. But Eschines still urges, you have been charged with the reconstruction of our walls; therefore you ought to give an account of the expense.—Yes, if I had made any; but it is precisely because I have made none, and because I have done the whole at my own expense, that the senate have thought that I deserved honour. A state of expense, to be sure, requires an examination;—but for gifts—for largesses, no registers are necessary—nothing is wanted but praise and gratitude."

Let us turn to another passage, in the same discourse, where the logic of Demosthenes had much more to do: it was, in reality, the delicate point of the cause, where it presented itself under an aspect truly afflicting. Demosthenes, who, without any legal magistracy, was, in effect, the first magistrate of Athens, and indeed of the allied republics, because he governed all by his counsels, and animated all by his eloquence, had alone procured the declaration of war against Philip: and the war had been disastrous. It was well known, that it has not been his fault; but, do not misfortunes, which irritate mankind, render them unjust? Is not resentment sometimes blind? Are we not naturally too much inclined to censure him, who is the cause, innocent, or not, of our misfortunes? And suppose that we pardon him, is it not all that we can do? Are we much disposed to reward and honour him? Here lay the hope of Eschines, the strength of his accusation, and the motive of all his attacks. It appears that he would not have hazarded so many lies and calumnies, but in a confidence, that he should overwhelm Demosthenes with the pressure of public calamities, in such a manner, that he could never surmount them: and it is in this view, that the harangue of the crown is so much the more admired, as it had more difficulty to overcome. All the public events were against the orator: the essential point was to save himself, by the purity of his intentions, which was not a resource so fertile as that of Eschines. This last had at his command all those common places, which are so powerful in eloquence, when the application of them is under our eyes; the blood of the citizens spilled; the devastation of the country; the ruin of cities, the mourning of families; and so many other deplorable objects, which he displays and developes with all the refinement of the most insidious artifice, with all the bitterness of indignation, and with all the perfidy of hatred. I shall not consider here all the materials of every kind, which Demosthenes opposes to him; theywill come in their proper place. I confine myself to our present object, oratorical reasoning. To distinguish the intention from the fact, was very easy, but by no means sufficient. It was necessary so to separate it from the event, to characterize it by strokes so noble and so striking, that Demosthenes and the Athenians might appear still great, even when every thing had turned against them. We shall see, elsewhere, the article which concerns particularly the Athenians; but, for Demosthenes, he takes a course, the mere conception of which proves the force of his head, and the resources of his genius. He denies, formally, that he has been vanquished; he affirms, that he has been the conqueror; that he has really triumphed over Philip; and, which is more, he proves it. Let us hear him address himself to Eschines. "Wretch! if it is the public calamity, which has given you presumption, when you ought to bewail it, with us, endeavour then to make appear, in all that depended on me, something which may have contributed to our misfortune, or which, indeed, ought not to have prevented it. Wherever I have been sent upon embassies, have the envoys of Philip had any advantage of me? No: never: no: in no place. Neither in Thessaly, nor in Thrace, nor at Byzantium, nor at Thebes, nor in Illyrium. But all that I had done by persuasion, Philip destroyed by force; and you attribute all to me! and you donot blush to call me to account for it! This same Demosthenes, whom you represent as so weak a man, you insist should prevail against the armies of Philip; and with what? with words? for nothing was in my power, but the organs of speech; I had no authority over the arms or the fortune of any man: I had no military command: and there is no man but you, so unreasonable as to think of making me responsible. But what could the orator of Athens do, what ought he to do? See the evil in its origin, make it visible to others, and this I have done; to prevent, as much as possible, the delays, the false pretexts, the oppositions of interests, the mistakes, the faults, the obstacles of every kind, too common among allied republics, jealous of each other, and this I have done; to oppose to all these difficulties with real ardour, the love of duty, friendship, concord; and this I have done. Upon any of these points, I defy any man to find me in fault. And if you demand of me, how Philip has carried his point, all the world will answer for me: by his arms, which have invaded every thing, and by his gold, which has corrupted every thing. It was not in my power to contend with him in one way or the other: I had neither treasures nor soldiers. But in all that depended on me, I am bold to say, I have conquered Philip: and how? by refusing his largesses, and resisting corruption. When a man suffers himself to be purchased, the purchaser may say, he has triumphed over him; but he who remains incorruptible, may say, he has triumphed over the corruptor. Thus then, as far as depended on Demosthenes, Athens has been victorious: Athens has been invincible."—Is not this a masterpiece of oratorical argumentation? Do you not seem to hear the acclamations, which must have followed so beautiful a morsel. And do you not conceive, that nothing could resist a genius of such force? Remember always, what I cannot too often repeat to you, that, to employ materials of this kind, you must find them in your souls: the heart alone can produce them. Art may teach you to arrange and adorn them, but it cannot furnish them. It is to the orator, above all, that the happy expression of Vauven argues, so often quoted, is applicable, "Great thoughts come from the heart." I should say then to one who desired to become eloquent: begin by being a good citizen, that is, an honest man: for you cannot be one without the other. Do you love above all things, your country, justice, and truth? Do you feel yourself incapable of ever betraying them, for any interest whatever? Does the bare idea of ever flattering for a moment, a criminal, or of ever calumniating virtue, make you shudder with shame and horror? If such is your character, speak and fear nothing. If nature has given you talents, you may do every thing; if she has refused them to you, you may still do much; in the first place, your duty, and in the next, much real good, that of giving a good example to others, and to the good cause, one defender the more.

[*To be continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[The life, and literary character of CHRISTOPHER SMART are not sufficiently known to American readers. From the first, we may learn to beware of the imprudence and excesses, which too frequently accompany, and deform the ardent poet, and in the second, we may find many honourable proofs of genius, learning and goodness. The sacred poety of SMART is superior to that of all his contemporaries, and perhaps to many of his predecessors; his original Fables display invention and much of La Fontaine's ease; his translation of the elegant Latinity of Phædrus is incomparably the best in the language; and exhibits many of the bewitching graces of the exquisite original. His Songs combine passion and poetry; and to a beginner, perplexed with the intricate involutions of the Roman phrase, or to the superficial adult scholar, no translation of HORACE, can be more usefully recommended than Mr. Smart's Prose version, which faithfully reports the sense of the original in terms always neat, and pure, and often elegant.]

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, April 11. 1722. The family of which he was descended had been long established in the county of Durham. His grandfather married a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, 'the Apostle of the North.' His father was steward of the estates in Kent, of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, and was possessed of an estate of 300l. a year, in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne. Having been intended for holy orders, he had a better taste for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taste which he transmitted to his son.

In the beginning of his life he was of a very delicate constitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childish amusements, his mind had leisure to exercise and expand its powers.

He discovered a very early taste for poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extemporary effusion, that even then he had a relish for verse, and an ear for numbers.

He received the rudiments of his education at Maidstone school, from which he was removed when he was eleven years old, on the death of his father, which happened at that time, and sent by his mother to Durham, that he might have the advantages of a good school, change of air, to strengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his father's relations.

He did not continue without distinction at Durham school, the master of which, at that time, was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and a man of eminent learning and abilities. His addiction to metre was then such, that several of his school-fellows have confessed their obligations to him for their first successful essays in Latin versification.

The Ode to Ethelinda, was written at the age of thirteen; and the Latin translation of the ballad, when Fanny Blooming Fair, at sixteen.

As his father had been steward to Lord Barnard, he was very cordially received at Raby Castle, when absent, during the holidays, from school. In this noble family he was introduced to the acquaintance of the late Duchess of Cleveland, who discerned and patronized his talents. She allowed him forty pounds a year, till her death. In the Ode to Lord Barnard, he alludes beautifully to his literary habits, and to the splendour of his connections at this early period of his life.

Can I forget fair Raby's towers,
How awful and how great:—
Where me, even me, an infant bard,
Cleveland and Hope indulgent heard, &c.

He was removed from Durham school to the university of Cambridge, when he was seventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30 1739.

Though the favourite studies of this seat of learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his classical attainments, and poetical powers were so eminent, as to attract the notice of persons not very strongly prejudiced in favour of such accomplishments. Such was the fame of his genius, and such the vivacity of his disposition, that his company was very earnestly solicited; and to suppress or withhold our talents, when the display of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence.

While he was the pride of Cambridge, and the chief poetical ornament of that university, he ruined himself by returning the tavern-treats of strangers, who had invited him as a wit, and an extraordinary personage, in order to boast of his acquaintance.

This social spirit of retaliation quickly involved him in habits and expenses, of which he felt the consequences during the rest of his life.

His allowance from home was scanty; for as his father had died suddenly, and in embarrassed circumstances, his mother had been compelled to sell the largest part of the family estate at considerable loss.

His chief dependence was the assistance he derived from his college, and from the Duchess of Cleveland's bounty. Many distinguished characters now living, were, notwithstanding of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears by the Latin invitation of his friend Mr. Saunders, of King's College, to supper, that he knew how to relish the 'feast of reason.'

At this early period of his life he was not more remarkable for his learning than his humour, of which many examples, like the following, are still remembered by his academical acquaintance. The three beadles of the university being men of unusual bulk, he is said to have characterised them in this extemporary spondiac.

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

In 1740-1, he wrote his first Tripos Poem, Datur Mundorum Pluralitas, which was succeeded in the following years by Materies Gaudet vi Inertiæ, and Mutua Oscitationum Propagatio solvi potest Mechanice. These verses have more system and design than is generally found in the compositions of young academics; and it is some argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a translation into English by Fawkes, the ingenious translator of 'Theocritus,' 'Anacreon,' 'Bion,' 'Moschus' 'Musæus,' 'and 'Apollonius Rhodius.'

He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends to offer himself a candidate for an university scholarship. The yearly value of these appointments is barely 20l.; but the election is open to the whole university, under the degree of Master of Arts; and as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the strictest scrutiny, the honour of obtaining a scholarship is considerable.

It has been said, that upon this occasion, he translated Pope's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;' but the conjecture is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the composition. But that a scholar equal to such a work, in an impartial classical examination, should surpass his competitors, is no matter of surprise.

His extraordinary success in this ode, induced him to turn his mind to the translation of the 'Essay on Man;' and he seems to have written to Pope for his approbation; who, in his answer, advises him to undertake the 'Essay on Criticism.'

'I would not,' Popes writes him, 'give you the trouble of translating the whole 'Essay;' the two first epistles are already well done; and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. I believe the 'Essay on Criticism' will, in general, be more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the generality of readers. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my ode, which you sent me, and in which, I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.'

It does not appear that he bestowed any farther notice on his translator, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his house at Twickenham; and Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion, to undertake and finish the Latin Translation of the Essay on Criticism; with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity.

In 1743, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, July 3, 1745; and took the degree of Master of Arts, 1747.

In 1747, he wrote a comedy, called 'A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair, which was acted by the students of the university, in Pembroke College Hall; the parlour of which made the green-room. Of this mock-play, no remains have yet been found, but a few of the songs, and the 'Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle,' containing his well-known simile of the Collier, the Barber, and the Brickdust-man, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine. The prologue is printed in the fourth volume of the 'Poetical Calendar.'

About this time, he wrote several Fables and Essays, for The Student, or, Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, a periodical work of considerable reputation, in which many of the wits of both the universities displayed their talents. The papers were published in 2 vols. 8vo. 1748.

In 1750, he became candidate for Mr. Seaton's reward, arising from the rent of his Kislingbury estate, left by him to the University of Cambridge, to be annually adjudged by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, to the author, being a Master of Arts, of the best poem on 'one or other of the attributes of the Supreme Being, till the subjects is exhausted; and afterwards on death, judgment, heaven, hell purity of heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by them to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue.'

Mr. Seaton's will, dated Oct. 8, 1738, having been disputed by his relations, a law suit commenced between them and the university; which terminating in favour of the latter, the first subject given out was The Eternity of the Supreme Being, in which Smart had the preference; and for five years, four of which were in succession, the prize was disposed in his favour, for his poetical essays On the Eternity of the Supreme Being, 1750; On the Immensity of the Supreme Being, 1751; On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being, 1752; On the Power of the Supreme Being, 1753; On the Goodness of the Supreme Being, 1755. The value of the prize was then about 30l.

In these poems on the Divine Attributes, confessedly the most finished of his works, confidence in genius, and aversion to the labour of correction, sometimes prevailed over better consideration. The poem On the Divine Goodness, which was written in London, he so long delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to send it to Cambridge, by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the compositions.

The decisions of the Cambridge judges were, almost in every instance, confirmed by the approbation of the periodical critics; they admired the vein of pious poetry, which ran through his prize poems: they were diffuse in the praise of his genius, though they freely censured his carelessness and inaccuracy; and they continued their approbation of his compositions, till fanaticism (always fatal to just thinking), distorted his ideas, and confined their applause to the talents of his better day.

While he was advancing his reputation as a poet, his extravagance involving him in debt with vintners, and college cooks, occasioned his fellowship to be sequestered, and obliged him to leave the university.

In 1752, he quitted college, and soon after relinquished his fellowship, on his marriage with Miss Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former husband of Mary, the wife of the late Mr. John Newbery, 'the philanthropic bookseller, in St. Paul's church-yard.'

As he had relinquished his fellowship without engaging in any of the professions, he seems to have trusted for his future maintenance to his powers as an author. But he had either over-rated his own abilities and perseverance, or the favour of the public.

Though Mr. Newbery, to whom he was now allied, was himself a man of genius, and a liberal patron of genius in others, yet the difficulties that had perplexed him at Cambridge, pursued him to London; to which the expense of a family was superadded. Such was his thoughtlessness, that he has often invited company to dinner, where no means appeared of providing a meal for his family.

Subsisting in London as a writer for bread, his manner of life neither augmented his personal importance, nor that of his productions. Never nice in his person, in his taste, nor in his acquaintance; he lost his dignity, his time, and his peace of mind. The profits of the publications in which he engaged, were dissipated by a

total neglect of economy. While the works of his more prudent contemporaries, Gray, and Mason, always polished at leisure, with critical care, and solicitude, were received as favours, and read with reverence; his compositions appeared good, bad, and indifferent, before the dread tribunal of the public, 'with all their imperfections on their head.'

He enjoyed, while thus engaged in the metropolis, the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. James, Dr. Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, and Garrick, and indeed of most who were then celebrated for genius, or for learning.

In 1752, he published a collection of Poems on Several Occasions, in one volume, 4to, which he dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, 'not as a writer, or a scholar,' but as 'a man of Kent.' The Hop Garden, and Judgment of Midas, first appeared in this collection.

Having received some provocation from Dr. Hill, afterwards Sir John Hill, in 'The Inspector,' and in a paper called 'The Impertinent,' he took a severe revenge in another 'Dunciad,' which he called after the name of his hero, The Hilliad. The First Book of this mock-epic, with notes variorum, was published in 1753, 4to; and was followed by an anonymous performance, called 'The Smartiad, a satire occasioned by the Hilliad,' folio, 1753.

In his quarrel with Dr. Hill, he could obtain no fame, though he greatly augmented the ridicule of that extraordinary personage; but time settles the disputes of authors and men of talents, in the most upright manner. Dr. Hill seems to have been insensible to the learning and genius of Smart; and Smart only saw Dr. Hill in the light of a quack, and a coxcomb: but posterity not only allows the originality, the invention, and the poetical talents of Smart, but also regards Dr. Hill as an able botanist; and though his nostrums and panaceas are now exploded, his voluminous works in natural history have advanced towards fame, with nearly as much rapidity as his empirical productions have descended towards oblivion.

To the Old Woman's Magazine, published about this time, Mr. Newbery and himself were the chief, if not the only contributors, He translated also for Mr. Newbery, The Works of Horace into English Prose, in 2 vols, 12mo, 1756; a task which he has very ably executed, but of that kind which will never be praised in proportion to the labour. By few and apposite terms, he has expressed the sentiments of Horace, in an idiom, not placed very near the Roman, in the table of grammatical affinities. Of an author not among the least difficult, he is at once an accurate, and an elegant translator He shows the humblest attention to the language of the original, and an absolute command over his own.

In 1756, he entered into an engagement with Gardener the bookseller, to furnish papers monthly, in conjunction with Mr. Rolt, a town writer, for The Universal Visitor. Smart and his coadjutor were to divide one-third of the profits of the work; they, on their part, signing an agreement, 'not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication.' Never, surely, did rapacious avarice dictate a more unreasonable bargain, or submissive poverty place itself in a more humiliating situation.

'I wrote for some months in The Visitor,' says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'for poor Smart, while he was mad; not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in The Visitor no longer.'

All the essays in The Universal Visitor, marked with two asterisms, have been ascribed to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Boswell is confident, from internal evidence, that of these, neither 'The Life of Chaucer,' 'Reflections on the State of Portugal,' nor an 'Essay on Architecture,' were written by him.

He was likewise engaged with Mr. Rolt, in a theatrical enterprise at the Hay-Market theatre, called Mother Midnight's Entertainment. This was first undertaken at the expense of Mr. Newbery, and was afterwards carried on with some degree of success.

In 1756, he published 'A Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness, which he dedicated to Dr. James. 'If it be meritorious,' says the dedication, 'to have invented medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man who wrote the 'Medicinal Dictionary,' and invented the 'Fever Powder.'

Though his fortune, as well as constitution, required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both; and his various and repeated embarassment, acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued, as to render confinement necessary.

'My poor friend Smart,' says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place.' Talking of his confinement to Dr. Burney. 'it seems,' he observed, 'as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.' Upon Dr. Burney suggesting, 'that, perhaps, it may be from want of exercise,' he added, 'he has partly as much exercise as he used to have; for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit. Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.'

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

No. III.

Extract of a letter from the agents of two Bristol privateers, to General Burt, dated St. Christophers, 16th November, 1779.

A few days ago, an armed brigantine, belonging to, and having a commission from the Congress of America, was chased into the island of Saba by the brigantine Tryall, in company with the Robust, both letters of marque, belonging to Bristol, and two small privateers of Antigua, where they all anchored. The governor of Saba, apprehensive that the privateers intended to cut out the American brig, told the captain of the Greyhound, that he could not protect her, but he certainly would claim her, if she should be taken away. About nine o'clock of the day they went into Saba, captain Saunders, of the Tryall, boarded the American brig; but before this was done, the captain and as many of the crew landed, as they had time to effect it, and carried on shore arms and ammunition, when they possessed themselves of the fort, from which they fired on the privateers, and damaged the Tryall very much, before either of them returned the fire. There being little wind, captain Saunders had one man killed and several wounded, before he got his own brig and the American out of reach of the guns from the shore. The want of wind obliged the privateers to fire upon the fort, to save themselves.—The brig is brought into Nevis by the Tryall.

(A true copy.)

WILLIAM MATTHEW BURT.

Extract of a letter from the Attorney-General to General Burt, dated St. Christophers, 25th November, 1779.

The American brigantine cut out of Saba, has been carried to Nevis, and I understand she is already libelled. However, your excellency may be assured, I shall lose no time in the communication of your letter to the judge of the court of vice-admirality in that island.

(A true copy.)

WILLIAM MATTHEW BURT.

Copy of his excellency General Burt's letter, to the honourable Peter Runnels, captain commandant of the island of St, Eustatius, in answer to demand made of the continental brigantine Eagle that was cut of Saba, viz.

Antigua, 30th Nov. 1779.

SIR,

I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 15th ult. on the 23d, and that of the 22d, by Mr. Ravene, yesterday, the 29th, respecting an American brigantine, carried from the road of Saba by some Brittish armed vessels. Immediately on the receipt of your letter of the 15th, I wrote to his majesty's attorney-general at St. Kitts, not to suffer any process to be commenced against that brigantine, until he should hear further from me, as I had, from a letter received from you, reason to believe, she would be claimed.—Inclosed is an extract of his letter on that subject, dated November 25th, 1779.

It is impossible for me to avoid mentioning to your honour, the very harsh, and, in my opinion, unmerited epithets and censure, which you are pleased frequently to lavish on the conduct and dispositions of the subjects of the king my master, and more particularly on the present occasion; and also the rapidity which they were laid in your letter of the 15th, where you acknowledge, you had *only wrote* to inquire into this matter: I must wish, censure and condemnation had not passed prior to your inquiry and investigation; you would then probably have found, that this crew of the American privateer carried on shore at Saba, arms and ammunition, possessed themselves of the fort at Saba, and fired on the Brittish vessels before they offered any act of hostility. I have now inclosed your honour an extract of a letter, dated in St. Christophers, November 16th, on this subject, from the agents for the two Bristol privateers.—I have directed this matter to be inquired into, and should the fact turn out as it has been represented to me, you will then see that a Dutch fort was seized, supplied with ammunition, and fought by the rebellious American subjects of the king my master, and his loyal subjects killed. How far this is consistent with the treaties of amity and ancient friendship, subsisting between our masters, they will determine. Should my information prove true, it will be my duty to lay it before the king my master.

It is my inclination, not only to render the purest and most rapid justice to the subjects of their high mightinesses, but also to discountenance and punish, to the utmost of my power, every real breach of treaty and insult offered to the ports or flag of their high mightinesses. It is also my duty, to pursue the same line of conduct to the king my master and his subjects. Acting on these principles, from the information I have received, it is incumbent on me to inquire into this matter, before I hastily determine or pursue any steps.

Your honour is pleased to acquaint me with the fixed determination of their high mighti-

nesses, no longer to consider any vessel or other objects, carried by violence out of the havens, ports, bays, or roads, within the limits of their dominions and protection, as the subjects of any question or adjudication by the British court of vice-admiralty, is established by the law of our land, on the purest and wisest principles, has the sanction of my king's approbation, and he has neither vested me with any absolute power over it, nor has my sovereign given me any instructions or directions to supersede the authority of that court.

Greatly as I respect their high mightinesses, yet it is not in my power to act in conformity with their determination.

Your honour will perceive by the attorney-general's letter, that this brigantine was libelled therefore within the jurisdiction of the court of vice-admiralty, and out of mine: I shall, however, lay this matter before his majesty's law-officers, for their advice and direction. I am happy to find your honour charmed with the manner in which I have conducted the various parts of business, which have arose betwen us: I shall be truly sorry, should any thing interrupt it. A more favourable opinion of my fellow-subjects of their conduct and dispositions, which neither tend to barbarity nor absurdity, will give pleasure to him, who is, with great esteem,

your honour's most obedient
humble servant,
William Matthew Burt.

No. IV.

The honourable the commercial committee of congress for the United States of America.

St. Eustatia, 14th December, 1779.

Sirs,

Annexed is the triplicate of what we had the pleasure of writing you the 30th ultimo, by captain Taylor, duplicate thereof was forwarded by captain Doane, which now beg leave to confirm. Since then the truce has returned from Antigua, but the answer from General Burt by no means to satisfaction; without paying any regard to the proofs and depositions sent him from a number of the burghers and inhabitants of Saba, he pretends, the Americans out of captain Ashmead's brig took possession of the fort first, and fired upon the privateers, that occasioned their cutting out and taking away the Eagle—that, as the vessel was libelled in the court of vice-admiralty at Nevis, he had directed the attorney-general to inquire into the nature of the case, taking the evidences of both parties, that they might be laid before him, and at the same time, that he had ordered the proceedings of the admiralty to be stopped against her; however, at the expiration of the monition, issued to bring her to trial, she was condemned and adjudged to be good and lawful prize to the captors. This puts us to a very great inconveniency, as we have not been able to meet with another vessel, to send you in the articles ordered, that you stand so much in need of, but you may depend, we shall continue on the look-out, and should we not be able to purchase one, there will be no other remedy, than to embrace all the freight we can meet with, in order to accomplish your wishes. This vessel just getting under way, obliges us to conclude, with the utmost respect and esteem.

St. Eustatia, 18th January, 1780.

The honourable the commercial committee of congress for the United States of America.

Sirs,

Herewith we have the pleasure of handing you triplicate of what was wrote you under date the 14th ultimo, which now beg leave to confirm. Since then have not been favoured with a line from you. This, we hope, will be delivered you by captain Ashmead, who goes passenger in a brig under command of captain Stocker; he has with him a copy of his protest, and we are in hopes of getting from Saba copy of the depositions, proving the outrage committed at that island, in cutting out of the road and carrying away his vessel, which was forwarded General Burt, but the governor being unwell then, has prevented their being sent up; as soon as they can be had from thence, they shall be forwarded to you.

We procured from the honourable Pieter Runnels, captain commandant of this island, copy of General Burt's letter, with the inclosures, that was forwarded to him, in answer to his demanding restitution of the Eagle, which we inclose you for your satisfaction, that you may perceive how vague and frivolous it was altogether. Since this affair happened, Governor de Græff has arrived here from Holland, and on his resuming the command of the government of this island, we waited on him, and represented the case to him, but as it happened while he was absent, would not take cognizance of it, as he thinks it a duty incumbent on Mr. Runnels, to represent it in the strongest colours to their high mightinesses, not only cutting out the vessel in such outrageous manner, but the indignity that was shewn to the Dutch flag.

Finding the vessel was condemned in the court of vice-admiralty at Nevis, and that she and the cargo would be totally lost, we endeavoured to purchase her in again, and we offered as high as two thousand pounds sterling for her, but the captors had determined within themselves to fit her out as a privateer, that prevented our getting her again. Notwithstanding both captain Ashmead and ourselves, have used every endeavour to procure a suitable one for you, to send in the articles wanted, it has not been in our power to get one among all the islands. Several small ones have been offered, but they would come so exorbitantly high; could not think of paying from ten to eleven thousand pounds for one, that would only carry about sixty hogsheads tobacco, without being calculated for any kind of defence, which he will more particularly inform you of.

We could have wished to have shipped you some goods by this conveyance, but, while we were looking out to purchase a vessel, captain Stocker engaged all the freight he could take; however, we have engaged room in the ship Independence, under command of captain Truxton, (who, it is probable, will sail in company with this,) bound to Philadelphia, for a parcel of linnen, fit for soldiers' shirts, which we shall hand you invoice and bill of lading by him.

We find, very few vessels will take any heavy freight, as they, in general, run upon the article of salt. We endeavoured to ship you some powder by these vessels, but not one of them would take any thing of it. We informed you some time ago, of our having purchased about one hundred barrels of that article on your account, but none having arrived here since, has caused so great a scarcity, we have been obliged to spare part of it to trading American vessels, as there was not a cask to be purchased in the place, so that there is not above six thousand pounds remaining, and twenty-two sheets of lead: if any more arrives, we shall engross it immediately; and would recommend your sending some vessel this way as soon as possible, to carry on these supplies, as we see little prospect of getting them to you otherways, and we shall in the meantime continue on look out, to procure all the other articles you have ordered.

Captain Ashmead has advanced some of his people a little money, that were taken sick here and in a very low state of health, which he will give you an account of, as we supplied him with it for that purpose.

It is really distressing to see the number of people that perishes for want of common subsistance among these islands: many are now confined in the different gaols among the different English islands, that are obliged to be satisfied with a half allowance to support nature, and those that are relieved, are hardly able to help themselves: subscriptions have frequently been set on foot, to raise something for their support, and those, who are charitably inclined, have readily contributed for their relief, for they are real objects of charity and want.

Our market continues much the same as I last advised you, only Virginia tobacco appears more in demand for the British market. The best quality would readily now command from nine to ten pence, and goes off very slow at that; other articles are noted in the inclosed price current, for your government, to which beg to be referred.

Believe us to be, with infinite esteem, Sirs,
your most obedient humble servants,
Curson & Gouverneur.

No. V.

Saba, January 20th, 1780.

We, the underwritten deponents, declare and testify, that, on Saturday, the 13th day of November last, a certain brigantine, coming from the continent of America, (and so, as the deponents are informed, was called the Eagle, and commanded by one captain John Ashmead,) was chased by a British ship into the road of Saba, under the reach of the cannons, where the said brigantine was obliged to come to anchor in the morning, between the hours of nine and ten. About twelve o'clock the same day, came likewise in the road of Saba to anchor, the above-mentioned ship, a British brig, and a schooner; the same day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, came three other British vessels, viz. two sloops and one schooner, all armed vessels to an anchor; the same evening, between the hours of six and seven o'clock, went out of our road two of the above-mentioned vessels, viz. a sloop and a schooner; but the other vessels remained peaceable at anchor all that day, till the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the evening, when the brig Tryall, commanded by a captain Saunders, made an attack upon the American brig. There was heard in the road, by captain Thomas Winfield, a terrible outcry, and as if it were a cutting with cutlasses, by which means there was an alarm fired, and we appeared in the battery and hailed the English privateer brig, and asked, what hostilities they were using, and we received no answer; which time we found they were in reality cutting out the American brig, which obliged us to fire upon the English privateer brig several great guns and muskets; the English privateer-ship first returned the fire upon the shore, the ship and brig fired several broad-sides against the shore, then they were joined by one sloop and a schooner, who all four kept a continual fire against the shore, and as long as our ammunition lasted, that we had in the battery.

This we do declare to be the truth, the day and date within mentioned.

Thomas Dinzey.
Charles Winfield,
secretary.

Thomas Winfield.
John Simmons.
Thomas Simmons.
Isaac Simmons.
Lucas Simmons.
William Robards.
John Simmons.
Abram Simmons.
Phenickas Wright.
Abram Simmons.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lucerne, October 13.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are two ways of going from Zug to Lucerne, one by the common direct road, the other by the two lakes, which is far the more interesting. My companion preferred the former and I the latter. I immediately after dinner left him to proceed in the carriage, and hired a boat and two men to carry me the whole length of the lake to a small village called Immesen, about a league and a half distant. This little voyage was really a charming one, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. I landed at the foot of mount Rigi, which is the highest mountain of this canton, and proceeded on foot across the strip of land which separates the lake of Zug from the lake of Lucerne, to the small village of Kurnacht. About half way, on the road side, stands a small chapel, erected on the spot where Zessler was shot by William Tell. I of course stopped a few minutes to reflect upon this important occurrence, which produced the Swiss confederacy, and to smile at the curious painting over the door representing the transaction.

The instant I arrived at Kurnacht, I hired another boat, and embarked for this place on the Lake of the four cantons (a Lucerne) about half an hour before sun-set.

I suppose the impression this excursion made upon me will never be lost. A delicious calm seemed to pervade every thing. The glaciers of Uri and of Underwald crowded upon my view on one side; at my back rose the majestic mount Rigi, and before me the enormous mount Pilate, whose rocky summit was streaked with snow, which it is free from in summer. Before the sun set, the splendor of the landscape was great, but, as it sunk behind the mountains, the effect was grand and sublime, the tops being gilded with its departing rays, while a thin vapour, of an azure hue, stole up their sides, and creeping into all the little bays, formed by the promontories, which shoot into the lake, softened the distances. The bases of these mountains, on one side, terminated in the lake, and offered no landing place; but the Lucerne shore, which slopes upward from the water, was covered with villas, cottages, villages, and steeples, with fields of the brightest verdure, skirted with beautiful trees, and checquered by their long shadows. Tho' solitary, I felt happy, and listened with a pensive kind of pleasure to the songs and cries of the herdmen bringing home their cattle, and the dashing of the oars, which were heard in every direction. Two fine boys were my rowers, and whenever they passed a boat they would scream out as if transported with the joy-inspiring scenes around them. We borrowed an oar from one of the barques, with which I rowed all the way to this place, a distance of more than a league. Night did not destroy our pleasures, for the reflections of the lights of Lucerne, and the neighbouring seats, by the calm surface of the lake presented a sight infinitely pleasing. I arrived about seven o'clock, and surprised my companion very much, who came only a short time before me, and did not expect me till the next day.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the authority of a respectable eastern print, it is stated, that the honourable RUFUS KING, and Gen. C. C. PINCKNEY, are to be supported by the Federalists at the next election, to the highest offices in the GENERAL government. The choice is *well advised*, and we sanguinely hope, that the event of the election will be propitious to the elevation of the above gentlemen, who will ADORN AND DEFEND OUR COUNTRY; and, redeeming the national character from disgrace and degradation, will cause every GENUINE American to rejoice under a government, strong without despotism, and pacific, though not pusillanimous.

—

A volume of poems, written by P. Bayley, jun. Esq. has just appeared in London. The author, who displays good sense, spirit and genius, thus speaks of the author of the Baviad and Mæviad:

Still lives the bard, he at whose dreaded name
All fools are pale, or hang the head in shame,
Still Gifford lives, whose many-sounding strain
Scattered the witlings of Bell's tinkling train.
Where, Gifford, is the promise that thy hand
Should strike a nobler, more reluctant band,
Why sleep thy bolts, why in thy quiver lie
The shafts that bid the brood of folly die?
Ripe for thy song, the vices of the age
Demand the fullest ardour of thy rage.
Then wake thou from thy languid slumber start,
Prepare thy bow; make ready the keen dart;
Strengthen thine arm, then on religion's foe,
On guilt and villainy inflict the blow;
Nor put thou off thy wrath, till on the ground
Vice groans, laid low, and pierc'd with many a wound.

Mr. Gifford's motto to one of his satirical and classical imitations was

Nunc in ovilia,
Mox in reluctantes dracones.

—

The following lines, from an old English writer, will cause the reader to smile.

I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me,
From fifteen years to fifty's pace,
They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find,
In motion or in speech, a grace,
If a'l fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light*,
If low, her *prettiness* does please,
If black, what lover loves not *night*?

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean with love makes me so too;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart,
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings, I flee
Through all Love's garden and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

—

TO ——

Away! those arts no more shall hold me,
Hence with your insidious charms;
Those smiles are vain, that cease to fold me
In the twinings of thy arms.

And once more hop'st thou to detain me,
By thy blandishments and wiles;
Ah no! deceit no more shall chain me,
Feigned tears and studied smiles.

Believ'st thou I will wear a fetter,
Forg'd by folly and by pride.?
Fair mischief! learn to know me better;
Be thy spells on others tried.

Yet once again could I believe thee,
Once more wouldst thou wrong my love,
And shall my heart again receive thee,
Perfidy once more to prove?

Yet now, when thus compell'd to leave thee,
Let me from reproach refrain;
Not in our parting would I grieve thee,
Or inflict a moment's pain.

And if those tears be true, my anguish
Soon shall more than equal thine,
And if those eyes sincerely languish,
Tears unfe gn'd shall flow from mine.

—

EPITAPH.

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray,
I have no more to say.

—

Another.

Here lyeth a midwife brought to bed,
Deliveress, delivered,
Her body being *churched* here,
Her soul gives thanks in yonder sphere.

—

Another, in Wrexham church.

Here lie interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.

—

On Mr. Foote.

Here lies one Foot, whose death may thousands save,
For Death has now one Foot within the grave.

—

In St. Alban's, Wood-street.

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches,
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.

—

In Cirencester Church-Yard.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,
Physic their cobler is, and Death their last.

—

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

When Oldfield dies, e'en Congreve's laurels fade,
And this we own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad *exit* Oldfield ever made.

—

In removing part of the altar in Wolverhampton church, in the year 1789, there appeared to be a part of a monument with the following inscription in very legible characters. The date 1690.

Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able
But once o'erfed
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table,

When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amid sinners,
Since he must dwell
In heaven or hell,
Take him....which gives best dinners.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will be thankful for the loan of 'An Essay towards fixing the true standards of wit and humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule: to which is added an analysis of the characters of an humourist, Sir John Falstaff, Sir Roger de Coverly, and Don Quixote, by Corbyn Morris, Esq. 8vo. London, 1744.'

The Editor having, at the request of his publisher, undertaken to superintend a new edition of the Plays of SHAKSPEARE, is particularly desirous of inspecting the *first* folio edition. This is probably very scarce, and may be found only in the cabinet of some *distant* virtuoso. But the owner of this rare book will be very gratefully thanked, if the Editor can have permission to consult it, for a short season.

'Climenole' is the frequent topic of conversation and praise. It is wished by the Editor and his friends, that this ingenious author may write much, and publish often.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On returning a lady's handkerchief, after detaining it from her some days in summer.

Go, 'kerchief, to thy mistress back again,
  Pure, and unsullied as her virgin breast;
That throne where all the milder virtues reign,
  That seat of each exterior charm possess'd.

When no soft breezes agitate the air,
  And sultry suns exhale the balmy dew,
Then fearless wander o'er her forehead fair,
  Her vermil cheeks, and lips of coral hue.

No artificial blush shalt thou displace,
  Nor stain thy surface with cosmetic art;
Nature's own roses bloom upon her face
  And nature's genuine feeling warms her heart.

Oh, may that heart ne'er heave with painful sighs,
  Nor thou thy gentle service e'er employ
To wipe the tear from those 'love-darting eyes,'
  Except the tear of o'erflowing joy.

PARMEGIANO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The subsequent celebrated dialogue, one of Scaliger's two favourite odes, has been translated and imitated oftener, perhaps, than any other ode in Horace. Of the English translations, Atterbury's, which is to be found in Duncombe's Horace, and in Nichol's Miscellaneous Poems, has always been deemed the best; though we cannot agree, continues Mr. Boscawen, with the writer of Atterbury's life, in the Biographia Britannica, that it is equal in smoothness and elegance to the original. Dr. Francis has copied about a third of this, but without any acknowledgment. The chief merit of the original, besides the harmony of numbers and elegance of expression, which it undoubtedly possesses, is its being the only instance we have of the *carmen amæbæum*, or alternate dialogue, in *lyric* poetry, though it is frequent in pastorals. In these dialogues we are told two rules were observed by the ancients: 1st, the person, who spoke last, always answered in the same number and kind of verses; and 2dly, he either contradicted what had been said before, or improved upon it. Both these rules, the critics remark, have been observed by Horace with great nicety.]

Horace.

Whilst folded in thy snow-white arms,
  No dearer youth thy love possest,
Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
  Not Persia's monarch reign'd so blest.

Lydia.

Whilst you no other love desir'd,
  Nor Chloe's rose o'er Lydia's fame,
I bloom'd more honour'd, more admir'd,
  Than Ilia's high, illustrious name.

Horace.

O'er my fond heart now Chloe reigns,
  Skill'd in sweet song and music's power;
For whom I'd brave Death's keenest pains,
  To save her at that fatal hour.

Lydia.

The gentle Calais warms my heart
  With mutual love, with equal truth,
Twice would I brave Death's fiercest dart,
  So fate would spare the dearer youth.

Horace.

What, if returning love controul
  Our hearts, no more inclin'd to roam?
Drive beauteous Chloe from my soul?
  My Lydia find her long lost home?

Lydia.

Though that lov'd youth be form'd to please,
  Bright as the star, that gilds the sky,
You, light as cork, and wild as seas,
  With you I'd joy to live, with you I'd die.

—

[This spirited poem, says its spirited translator, is an eulogy on the rose. Anacreon is always rich in the praises of that flower.

The rose seems to have a magic power over the mind of the poets. Hafiz perpetually calls for its odour, and Waller has addressed this blushing beauty of the gardens in one of the finest songs ever inspired by gallantry,

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me, &c.]

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring the wood-nymph wild!
Even the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillets braids,
When with the blushing, naked graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial *glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bite and twine in airy dance,
Commingling soul in every glance.

—

[The following address to a lady is from one of the most original poets of the present day. He remembers Tibullus, and he has at once the courtly grace of Waller, and the simplicity of Shenstone.]

When casting many a look behind,
  I leave the friends I cherish here,
Perchance some other friends to find,
  But surely finding none so dear.

Haply, the little simple stage,
  Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee.

But oh! in pity, let not those
  Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye, that seldom flows
  With feeling tears, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt,
  With pity, never melt with love,
And they will frown at all I've felt,
  And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
  Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
  And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him—or, oh! if gentler still,
  By female lips my name be blest,
Ah! where do all affections thrill
  So sweetly as in woman's breast.

Tell her, that he, whose loving themes
  Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
  And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
  And friendship oft his numbers move,
But whisper then, that, sooth to say,
  His sweetest song was given to love.

—

[At a very early period of life, says the learned Dr. Gregory,* I amused myself with translating some of the odes of Horace into English verse. I publish a translation of the third ode of the fourth book, because I think it gives the sense of the original more completely than Francis's version. The Editor cannot refrain adding that he owes it to the genius of an amiable and accomplished scholar, as well as to literature itself, to declare that he does not remember ever to have read a version more in the Horatian spirit.]

He, on whose early natal hour
  Thou, queen of verse, hast sweetly smil'd,
Breath'd all thy fascinating power,
  And mark'd him for thy favourite child:

He emulates no victor's place,
  Nor mixes in the Isthmian games;
Nor, in the arduous chariot race,
  The Achaian trophies anxious claims.

He ne'er, adorn'd with conquering bays,
  And the proud pomp of baneful war,
Shall catch the vagrant voice of praise
  While captive kings surround his car.

But where the fertile Tiber glides,
  To secret shades shall oft retire,
And there shall charm the listening tides,
  And tune the soft Æolian lyre.

Thy noblest sons, imperial Rome,
  Assign to me the laureat crown;
And envy now, abash'd and dumb,
  Nor dares to speak, nor dares to frown:

Oh, goddess of the vocal shell,
  Whose power can sway both earth and sea,
Can the mute fishes teach t' excel
  The dying cygne's melody:

To thee, sweet Muse, I owe this fame,
  That ere I pleas'd, the gift is thine,
That, as I pass, fond crowds exclaim,
  'The Roman bard, the man divine!'

—

[Few species of the gayer style of poetry are more easy than the Rondeau of the French bards. From the Portuguese of Camoens an Irish nobleman has lately translated the following Rondeau.]

Just like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the mid'st of briars it blows
  Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest
  Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never.
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
  Just like love.

---

* Mr. Moore remarks, that the Greek ephithet given to the nymph is literally *full bosomed*; if this was really Anaereon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See Koran, cap. 72.

* See his elegant translation of Bishop Lowth's lectures.

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